

## Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Return, \$15.65.

Account of above occasion the Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets to Danville and Junction City, Ky., at rate of one fare plus twenty-five cents. Dates of sale, August 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1910. Final limit August 6th, 1910. For further information call or write ticket agent T. L. Morrow, Agent.

## Summer Tourist Fares.

The Illinois Central will sell round trip summer tourist tickets from May 15th, 1910, to September 20th, 1910, at reduced rates to points in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Canada, Colorado, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mexico, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

For further information call on ticket agent Illinois Central in regard to rates, routes, etc. Let us assist you in planning your most convenient and pleasant summer trip. T. L. Morrow, Agent.

## Homeseekers'

Excursion fares to points in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Utah, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mexico, New Mexico, Wyoming. The Illinois Central will sell round-trip home seekers excursion tickets to points in the above named states every first and 3rd Tuesday at very reasonably reduced rates. For further information call on, write or phone ticket agent Illinois Central, Cumb. 45 2 T. L. Morrow, Agent.

Home Seekers rates to the Northwest and Southwest on first and third Tuesdays. For further information call on agent Illinois Central. T. L. MORROW, Agent

## LOW WEEK-END RATES

To Dawson Springs, and Cerulean Springs, Ky.

Beginning Saturday, April 30th, 1910, and on every Saturday and Sunday thereafter up to and including Sunday, October 16th, 1910, the Illinois Central will sell round-trip tickets to Dawson Springs and Cerulean Springs, Ky., for all trains on Saturdays and for trains leaving on Sunday morning, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets limited to return Monday following date of sale.

## Summer Tourist Rates.

The Illinois Central will sell round-trip summer tourist tickets from May 15th, to September 30th, 1910 inclusive, with final return limit to October 31st, 1910. Below is points to which tickets will be sold and rates:

Chicago, Ill., \$16.50; East View, Ky., \$6.50; Grayson Springs, Ky., \$5.80; Cerulean, Ky., \$8.00. T. L. MORROW, Agent.

## LOW RATE EXCURSION

Fares to British Columbia, Oregon, California and Washington.

The Illinois Central Railroad will sell round-trip tickets at the following rates to the following points:

New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia at \$67.75. Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, California at \$62.50.

Bellingham, Everett and Seattle, Washington, at \$67.75. Tickets on sale April 4th to Sept. 30th, 1910.

For further information call on, write or phone Agent Illinois Central. Cumb. 45-2.

## Union County Fair, Uniontown, Ky., Aug. 8-13, '10.

Account of the above occasion the Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets to Uniontown, Ky., at rate of \$2.65. Dates of sale, August 8th to 13th, inclusive. Return limit August 14th, 1910.

For further information call on or write ticket agent. T. L. Morrow, Agent.

## HOT DAY DAINTIES

NEW COMBINATIONS IN HOME-MADE COOL DESSERTS.

Lemon is Standby, but is Pushed Hard by Raspberry and Strawberry—Pineapple Forging to the Front.

While many families are flocking to ice cream parlors and soda fountains, the housewife who knows the value of home-made cool dainties is looking for new ways, new combinations, and more delightful constituents for the crowning pleasure of the home table. The ice for the porch or lawn, as well as the cooling beverage, whether for the family alone or for callers, is an institution in certain homes.

We cling to the strawberry until the latest come to us from the region of the cool northern lakes, but already a large number of the fruits of summer's bountiful garner are in the market. It is wonderful how one's versatility in utilizing these will develop if but kept in exercise.

The raspberry flavor is popular and for ices is considered among the most delicate, more so than the strawberry. The confectioners and some home cooks as well as the cooking schools are extending the use of both these berries every year. They are used in the delicate cream patties and may get into less perishable candies, although the majority of people reject any kind of candy nowadays that is not as freshly made as a cake. The raspberry must be carefully strained through fine cloth or wire before it is used.

The lemon is a standby, the pineapple yearly more popular and valued because it is not fragile, the currant has a limited sway, and the apricot and peach have their uses as well as the very adaptable peach. But the cool desserts are not necessarily of fruits. The junket, chocolate and coffee, and even the nut and cocoanut ice creams, are delicious. The ginger with lemon and other fruits, for sherbet, is being used more and more and is returning as a summer drink, perhaps for the same reason that the men in the hayfield drank the cooling compound of ginger, molasses and water and found it more lastingly refreshing than anything else.

It is really great fun to experiment with these things. The proof of the pudding, however, is in the eating.

## Salad Hints.

Whoever would become an expert in the science of salad making, must keep in mind a few rules which apply equally well to all varieties.

Until ready to mix and serve, keep each kind of food separate. If leftover vegetables are to be used, rinse sauce or dressing from them in cold water until needed.

The term "marinate" so often seen in salad recipes means merely a thorough wetting. To marinate and serve with mayonnaise, sprinkle the salad greens with oil and vinegar, let them stand for half an hour, and put on the mayonnaise just before serving.

Avoid fine chopping of salad mixtures. Meats, vegetables and fruits should be diced with a sharp knife. Fish should be shredded with a silver fork.

## Furniture Covering.

If you do not wish to go to the expense of having covers for your furniture made by the upholsterer try the expedient of pinning on summer covers.

Cut pieces the exact size of chair or section of sofa, allowing enough to turn in a hem all around edge, if it be not bound with wash braids.

Fasten the pieces in place with big-headed white pins placed as close as upholsterer's tacks. The pins are ornamental and form a trimming. If less contrast is desired get pins of gilt or color of braid.

## To Keep a Dish Hot.

When it is required that a dish or plate of food be kept hot for half an hour or so, waiting, perhaps, for a tardy dinner, a better plan than putting it into the oven is to set it on a saucer of boiling water and let the saucer stand on the top of the oven or covered part of the stove.

The plate should be covered with another plate or close-fitting metal cover, and to prevent the food from becoming overdry, plenty of liquid added.

## Vegetarian Dessert.

A pretty dessert served at a vegetarian dinner last summer was made by forming circles of boiled rice on little fruit plates, piling up strawberries in the center of each, and pouring over it a ladleful of pineapple juice well sweetened with sugar. All the ingredients were ice cold, and the dish proved as refreshing as it was delicious.

## To Prevent Jars Breaking.

When canning fruit, if a silver tablespoon is placed in a glass jar before pouring in the hot fruit, it will prevent the jar from breaking. This also applies when it is desired to put hot dessert in a cut glass dish.

## A Sweet Sandwich.

Make angel food batter and bake it on thin sheets; cut the cake into small pieces of any desired shape, then split them and put in a layer of chopped preserved ginger and figs, in equal proportions.—Mrs. Cye Clemmons.

## Eccentric Mr. Sangster

By GERALD PRIME

Rudolf Sangster was eccentric to the verge of something far more serious than mere uncomplicated queeriness. Fortunately for him, he had been eccentric so long that it had come to be understood among men that he was to be left unmolested. Absolutely normal in matters of business and the ordinary affairs of life, he was known to be subject to the most extraordinary and even extravagant variations from the natural and expected. He was a man with a positive genius for perverseness.

Among all his eccentricities there was nothing so indicative of his perversion as his uncompromising refusal to permit his daughter, motherless and an only child, to marry John Williston.

Both young persons seemed fashioned for such a union. John Williston was the worthy repository of several generations of transmitted wealth and the woman he had loved from early girlhood was the heiress of a man whose touch had been that of Midas freed from the sordid lust for gold.

"Don't ask me why it is," the older man would say, almost impudently. "I don't know why myself, but I know it is impossible. It appears to me as the one thing on earth that should never be."

"Is it because you want Mollie to remain single?" persisted her lover. "No; I shouldn't like that at all. I am perfectly resigned to losing her when the predestined man comes along."

"Wherein do I fall short of the requirements?"

"You exceed them greatly. I only hope she may marry a man of half your caliber."

This was maddening. John Williston was a marvel of patient tact, but this illogical beating about the bush was almost more than he could endure.

"About the only thing left for me to believe is that you don't consider your daughter good enough for me," he said, bitterly.

At this unfamiliar outburst Sangster smiled rather sardonically. "There



It Was the Vision Who Spoke First.

may be something in that," he admitted, as if he half believed it.

Then the baffled lover rushed away, bearing the burden of a stifled longing that was well nigh crushing.

The lovers had discussed the subject of taking the matter into their own hands a hundred times and, strange to say, the idea did not appeal to either of them with compelling force. Stranger still, the notion of acting without the more or less cheerful co-operation of Molly's father did not present itself as at all attractive to John Williston.

Years passed. Sangster showed no sign of yielding. Although he was a veritable weathercock on most questions he never swerved a hair's breadth on the subject of the marriage. The day came, however, when Williston made up his mind to bring the matter to a crisis. Putting all his wit and energy into the business, he evolved a scheme which seemed to be so promising that he went to Miss Sangster immediately. To his infinite delight she not only listened appreciatively, but agreed to co-operate.

A few hours later Williston dined with the Sangsters and when he and his host were alone in the smoking room the crafty lover steered the conversation toward occultism, a subject in which Sangster professed to be greatly absorbed.

"I've always set you down for a skeptic," said Sangster.

"I used to be," the other admitted.

"Has anything brought about a change of heart?" Sangster asked, with a sharp glance from beneath a pair of unusually bristling eyebrows.

"Well, not precisely that," John confessed to a certain person—and one or two fessed, rather diffidently. "Just lately things—have seemed rather mysterious—hard to accept, you know."

Sangster lighted a fresh cigar and assumed an expectant attitude. "Fire away," he said. "I'm listening."

"Oh, there really isn't much to be said. What it all amounts to is that a certain person of my acquaintance has developed suddenly the faculty of

doing things that have seemed to be impossible."

"Is he an adept or only a fakir?"

"That is still to be demonstrated."

"Let me help you unmask him."

"That's precisely what I want you to do."

"There's nothing on the planet that interests me more deeply. I must confess, though, that I have run up against nothing but impostors."

"The most extraordinary claim made by this person is the power to exchange personalities—to appear, for instance, under two or more distant forms within a very brief period—possibly in less than an hour," he said.

"Rot—deadly rot!" declared Sangster, contemptuously. "Mere buffoonery. The petty device of the trickster."

"Possibly," the other admitted, with the air of a man unconvinced. "I've not yet seen this exchange of personalities effected. I have been promised an opportunity to witness it on Saturday evening."

"Where is this precious piece of jugglery to be worked?"

"No particular place has been designated—yet."

"Then why can't it be pulled off here?"

"I know of nothing to conflict—unless it should be the odor of tobacco. I have heard the alleged miracle worker express a decided distaste for that."

"Then let it be done in one of the parlors or in the library."

"No," Williston said, decidedly. "After all it would be better to have it here. It's quieter and more remote."

"As you prefer. The hangings and furnishings can be removed if necessary. Any apparatus required?"

"None whatever."

"Want the lights turned low? I can flood the place with electricity at the first symptom of treachery."

"In this manifestation there should be as much illumination as possible. It's entirely visual, you know."

"Good! Saturday evening—at what hour?"

"About eight."

"Isn't that rather early for the supernatural to show itself?"

"This manifestation does not demand the hour of midnight as one of its conditions."

"What are its conditions?"

"As I understand the matter there is only one—that we are to seat ourselves comfortably in a well-lighted room and see what we shall see."

"Yes—we'll see what we see," echoed Sangster.

At eight o'clock on the following evening the two men were again in the smoking room. Enveloped in a constantly deepening cloud of his own creation, John Williston emitted smoke in puffs that suggested a miniature volcano. He had not spoken a word for ten minutes. Sangster had been equally silent and as he sat in a half reclining position in a big armchair, an unlighted cigar between his lips, his countenance assumed a truly saturnine expression.

"If your fakir doesn't like tobacco," he observed finally, "he won't be at his best in this atmosphere. Don't you think we'd do well to move into the library?"

"Oh, no; let us stick to the original arrangement," John said, hastily, rousing himself and consulting his watch.

"Eight o'clock," he added, as if he had been asked the hour.

"Your fakir may be all that a fakir should, but he isn't Johnny on the spot," grumbled Sangster.

"Somebody's coming," Williston whispered.

The door was opened softly and there floated into the mist a figure so good to look upon that both men abandoned themselves straightway to the luxury of looking.

It was the vision who spoke first. "What a perfectly dreadful atmosphere!" he exclaimed, with a little choke which was not at all unbecoming.

"John is the Vesuvius who is responsible for it," said the vision's father. "I haven't been smoking. Wherefore all this magnificence? Are you going out?"

"Oh, no. My new gown came home and I just got into it and came up here to exhibit myself."

"In its present setting it certainly is," the old man agreed gallantly.

"Well," she hesitated and began to move slowly toward the door. "I want you to see me in it."

She stepped forward quickly, threw her arms about her father's neck, kissed him on the forehead over and over again, sobbed audibly half a dozen times and fled precipitately from the room.

"What the—" began Sangster.

"Tobacco. What a brute I was not to have opened the window!" John broke in, rather excitedly. "I'll see if I can do anything for her."

When he had gone the old man lighted his cigar and fixed himself comfortably in his armchair. "Now for the next chapter in the exchange," he chuckled, grimly.

He had not long to wait. Before he had come to the end of his cigar the door was opened again and Molly, still wearing the wonderful gown, its fleecy whiteness made still more ethereal by a veil of filmy lace and a crown of orange blossoms, entered the room.

"Same girl, same gown, same everything—except the headgear. No transformation, no exchange of personalities—just the original Molly Sangster," the old man maintained stoutly.

"Not so," denied John Williston, showing himself in the doorway.

"The dean is still in the house."

"Then I'll ask you to excuse me while I go down and thank him for the great service he has rendered me!" said Sangster, making off with unwonted alacrity.

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## Time Table

No. 57.

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Train No. 302 connects at Princeton for Louisville, Cincinnati, way stations and all points East, also runs through to Evansville. Train No. 340, local train between Hopkinsville and Princeton. T. L. MORROW, Agent.

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